

Good Morning 314

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

TUPPENNY TICKET TO VIN ROUGE?



**P.O. Tel.
King is
wedded**
(Report by
Ron Richards)

GATHERED together in the sight of God, in the Church of St. Mary, Woolwich, two families saw a child of each house meet at the altar.

The bride, in white, heard the bridegroom swear to love, comfort, honour and keep her in sickness and in health. The bridegroom heard his bride vow to serve, love, honour and to keep him until parted by death.

Then, in the name of the Maker, the man and woman were made man and wife. The congregation prayed "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Tall, fair-haired Submarine Petty Officer Telegraphist Reginald Stanley King was the bridegroom. His bride, Winifred Beatrice Bush.

The wedding, a gay Naval affair, was attended by a deputation from H.M.S. "Dolphin"—shipmates of the man. The best man was his brother, C.P.O. Alfred King.

The curate, after the Blessing, suggested that each day,

FIVE men sit at a table in a London hotel. Their meeting is timed for noon. As the neighbouring church clock strikes the last note of the hour, the one who is chairman says, "That ends the business, gentlemen."

The meeting breaks up. This brief ceremony—necessary in law—is an annual meeting of the Channel Tunnel Company.

The words "No dividend" have been heard for so many years that on this occasion they are not uttered, but taken for granted. The five men are the chairman, a director, two shareholders, and the secretary.

A Channel tunnel, linking the mainlands of England and France, was a dream of our grandfathers. So practical did the project appear, they formed a public company to launch it, and a start actually was made on the boring. A mile was tunnelled from this end, and the French came about a mile under the sea to meet us.

Then the British Government cried halt.

THAT was in 1882. Someone had started a campaign against the tunnel. People said that, if the tunnel was constructed, the English would become Europeanised and lose their national entity. They said that cross-Channel shipping would be ruined and millions of invested savings lost. They said that one day, through that tunnel, would pour a French army to invade England.

Our military authorities agreed.

Succeeding Governments were pressed to allow the scheme to go forward. Public opinion was fickle. It changed from opposition to warm, and, on occasion, passionate and unanimous support of the project. Queen Victoria said it would be pleasant to travel in the Royal train all the way from London to her holiday villa at Cimiez.

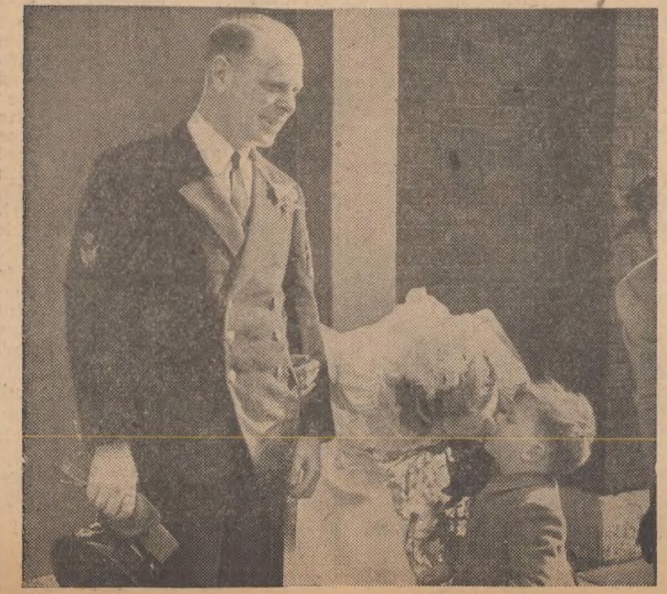
Vested interests and the military scaremongers always won the day.

The French, on the other hand, have always been enthusiastically in favour of it.

at a given time, the man and woman should give thought for the other, that in spirit they would meet at least once between each sunset. As they faced the photographers and peeking, uninvited lookers-on, they did this for the first time.

He was thinking of his wife's embarrassment at her veil blowing in the wind; she about the confetti that took away the Nelson touch on his Naval uniform.

They blushed and smiled, and looked this and that way. They posed with the telegram boy, the page, and the sailors, and the relatives, many of whom they had never seen before, and they battled through cheers and rice and coloured paper to the car that would take them on the first part of the journey to the new world opened to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald King.



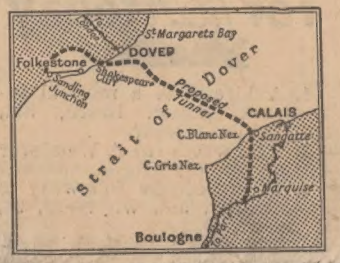
though they are not easy to find. Originally £1 each, the market price is now between 6d. and 9d.

The shining light of the select band of crusaders was Baron Emile d'Erlanger, head of the great banking family. His father was one of the initiators of the tunnel project. "He bequeathed to me," said Baron d'Erlanger, "the task of endeavouring to bring this great enterprise to a head, and, if possible, to a conclusion."

For half a century he used his immense power and influence to make his father's dream a reality.

In June, 1939, the French Government were anxious to recover the whole question of the tunnel with the British Government. General Weygand joined the French committee of the Channel Tunnel Company with the object of speeding-up plans and to review the military importance of the scheme.

French transport authorities came to London and talked



J. S. Newcombe asks "Will this ever be?"



And news from our home Towns

WHISKY, JOHNNY.

AN old man who had kept a pet monkey for some years at his home in a S.W. rural district, which was evacuated not long ago for use as a battle practice ground, could not find anybody who would take him in—and the monkey.

So he made arrangements with the R.S.P.C.A. to collect it.

When the inspector called, the old chap said to his pal, "Well, Sammy, you and I have got to say good-bye. We had better have a last drink together."

He thereupon produced a bottle of whisky and poured the monkey a snorter, which Sammy got back like an old hand!

"We have always been used to having a little drop together," said the old man sadly, as he took leave of his pal.

HELLO GIRL AT 71.

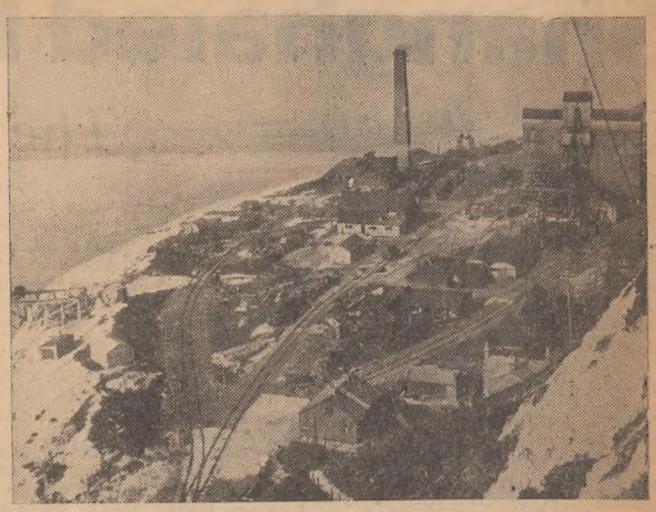
FOR over 44 years Mrs. Alice Redfearn has been post-mistress of Forest-in-Teesdale, Co. Durham. She still remains in charge, and acts as telephone operator, too!

Even in very severe snow-storms she has maintained the postal service, for which she was warmly thanked by the Regional Director.

WAR WASH-TUB.

MISS TROTMAN, of Bourne Avenue, Salisbury, an elderly member of the Women's Voluntary Services, is raising money for the Stalingrad Rebuilding Fund by washing blankets.

She charges a shilling a blanket, and so far has raised £13 11s. for the fund. "It's hard work," she says, "but it's for a good cause."



Old Dover Channel Works

things over with the white-haired Baron. "I now believe," he said, "that I shall pull off the Channel tunnel before I myself am pulled off."

He was wrong. Four weeks after the London talks he died at his Kent home, at the age of 73.

A third generation of the d'Erlanger family, Mr. Leo F. A. d'Erlanger, took up the torch. He was one of the five men who met in the London hotel.

Other men have died in the Cause. Mr. William Colliard, head of the great woolen firm of Colliard, Parsons and Company, of London, gave thirty years of his life to it. He worked out the details of the scheme, down to time-tables, fares, and passenger and freight receipts. He died in December last year.

Sir Henry Strakosch, the international financier and friend of Winston Churchill, also lent his weight to furthering the scheme, which he hoped to see brought to fruition. He died in October.

Here are some stages in this Parliamentary pipe - dream which goes on and on:-

Chapter 1.—Following the defeat of France by Bismarck, the French and British felt the need for getting together. A safer line of communication than the Channel sea passage was required. An engineer, Thome de Gamond, had for twenty years before this been advocating a tunnel under the Channel. Queen Victoria gave de Gamond's scheme her blessing.

Construction was proved to be practicable. In Paris and London companies were formed. Work began at both ends.

Chapter 2.—In 1882, opposition to the tunnel was organised. Military opinion was voiced by the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief and a cousin of the Queen. He declared that the danger of invasion would be so great if the tunnel was completed that conscription would be necessary.

The public demonstrated outside the offices of the Channel Tunnel Company at 5 Victoria Street, London, and smashed the office windows.

Joseph Chamberlain, as President of the Board of Trade, obtained a permanent injunction restraining the company from tunnelling any further towards the French coast without Parliamentary sanction. That injunction is still in force.

Chapter 3.—The Premier stated in the House of Commons on October 20, 1921, that certain "strategic conditions" prevented the Government from arriving at any decision about the Channel tunnel. Marshal Foch said: "Had there been a tunnel under the Channel in 1914 the war would have been shortened by at least two years."

Mr. Walter Behrens, ex-president of the British Chamber of Commerce, said: "Twenty-four hours after the British House of Commons passes the Bill, 200 million francs will be subscribed in Paris. If the British investor will not find his share,

France will find the whole 400 million francs."

Chapter 4.—On a morning in 1924, the late M. de Fleurian, the French Ambassador, went to 10 Downing Street with an offer to the Prime Minister from the French Government to collaborate in the immediate constructing of the tunnel, on economic and national security grounds.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister, referred the French offer to a Committee of Imperial Defence. The committee turned down the scheme in forty minutes. The only reason given was that it "would add greatly to their anxieties."

Chapter 5.—This answer satisfied neither Parliament nor the public. In 1930 a Channel Tunnel Committee reviewed the whole scheme and reported strongly in its favour. In July it was put to a free vote of the House and rejected by seven votes.

Winston Churchill voted for the tunnel. When Parliament turned it down, he took up his pen and lashed the obstructionists in the Press.

Will he raise the tattered banner again when this war is finished and France and Britain tighten the bonds of their ancient friendship? Maybe.

Meantime, the Channel Tunnel Company continues to meet once a year, clinging hopefully to the 9d. shares that one day may be worth a wealth of money.

But—the prospect of saying "Let's go across for a half-litre of vin rouge" is still a good way off—even in the golden years of the post-war.

J. S. Newcombe's Short odd—But true

From the garter of blue velvet, part of the insignia of the Garter, England's highest order of knighthood, comes the term Blue Ribbon, applied to the highest prize in any form of competition.

There are three classes to the Order of the Bath, established by Henry IV in 1399—Knight Grand Cross, Knight Commander, and Companion. Companionship of the Bath does not carry knighthood or entitle to the prefix "Sir."

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Shanghaied by Black-Jack

PART II

OUT came the conspicuous wallet again, and the grocer self-consciously produced his card.

"Reginald Pybus, Esquire," read Mr. Lajeunesse aloud. "I surely am glad to know you, Mr. Pybus." He shook Pybus warmly by the hand, and asked was Pottleworth the old home town. "Mine's a picayune li'l place near Baton Rouge, way down in Louisiana," he confided. "Step over here and meet my lady friend."

The lady friend was a plump damsel of some thirty-three strenuous summers, with very golden hair peeping coyly beneath a scarlet hat. The open coat of her blue serge costume displayed a low-cut blouse of peach-coloured silk, and a string of large round pearls about her neck, but these may not have been genuine.

"Excuse my glove," she apologised, shaking hands with Reginald Pybus, while the American looked on with pride. "What about a li'l shot of belly varnish?" suggested her cavalier with Southern hospitality. "Name your gargle, folks."

"Thank you. I'll take a dog's nose; it's more nourishing than stout, I always say. I think stout's common, don't you?" she added, turning to the grocer.

The coal-passer almost wept as he besought Pybus to "cache them fish before the yeggman smelt them."

"Butter and egg men like you are just their goulash," he said ominously.

"But what can I do with them?" bleated the unhappy grocer, now thoroughly frightened. "There's no banks open at this hour."

"Give them to Lulu, she'll look after them. Lots of hembres do it regular, pay-offs and such. Li'l Lulu's the straightest jane in this burg, a hundred per cent. nickel-plated airdale."

"When you've quite finished with Lulu and your gentleman friend, I'm 'ere," interrupted his blonde companion sourly, and Pybus was left to himself.

A couple of minutes later he made his way over to the bar and sheepishly pulled out his wallet. "Excuse me, Miss, I've got thirty-four pounds here," he began.

"Well, 'ang on to it," snapped Miss Michaelides, without removing her eyes from a group in which a red head and a fur cap were in dangerous proximity. The vocalist had realised the significance of those rising voices, and had insinuated himself behind the piano, without ceasing for a moment to apostrophise his Old Shako.

Two tall, heavily built young men appeared behind the bar, where they quietly extinguished their half-smoked cigarettes. They seemed to be waiting for something.

But Pybus was aware of none of these things. "I want you to keep it for me," he insisted, holding out the wallet. "All right, give it 'ere," said the barmaid briefly. "What ship are you off?"

"I'm from Pottleworth, not from—," he tried to explain, but the glossy black head bent beneath the counter. There was a sharp snap of elastic, and Miss Michaelides straightened again, saying, "Pottleworth? That must be one of Dalglish's, but I never 'eard of 'er."

At that moment the group at the end of the bar broke suddenly apart, and amid a tense silence the man in the fur cap turned his glass upside-down and banged it on the counter, a gesture which has only one meaning in any seaport tavern. It is the challenge to fight the best man present, and always the preliminary to a very rough house.

Hardly had the glass touched the counter when a bottle whirled across the room and splintered the case containing

the pheasant and terrier. The two tall young men went over the counter like greyhounds as a finger decorated with a moonstone reached for the electric switch. From the back of the piano the voice of the vocalist sounded as though he was lying on the floor.

"Fetch the rozzer! Fetch the rozzer!" he bellowed, with a wealth of feeling noticeably absent from his earlier efforts that evening.

Bottles, glasses, chairs and heavy ashtrays crashed on the tiled walls as the combatants joined issue, hitting, butting and kicking out at random. Out of the darkness a stinging slap caught Pybus in the face. "Take that," hissed the American's lady friend, and the grocer's teeth went on edge at the rasp of her over-long fingernails scabbling down his coat in a vicious attempt to claw his face. He decided to join the vocalist behind the piano.

He hesitated, however, when the voice of Lulu Michaelides rose above the oaths of the fighters and the screeches of their female companions. She was obviously in trouble, and was shouting urgently, "Ere, quick, give me a 'and, somebody. 'Elp me out of this, for Gawd's sake!"

"Coming, miss," shouted Pybus, and plunged heroically into the heart of the melee. "Where are you?"

"I'm 'ere on the floor," she gasped. "The tables 'ave fallen on me and I can't get up. Some fool's standing on my fingers, and I've just been kicked in the 'ead."

Pybus stooped, seized the offending foot, jerked with all his strength, and was rewarded by the sound of a mighty crash and a chorus of vigorous curses. As he struggled with the heavy tables, an unseen fist struck him in the ear; without letting go he retaliated with a hearty kick, and glowed with satisfaction as his foot landed on an unknown shin.

Dragging the barmaid like a sack, he manoeuvred to the door and out into the street. He was followed into the open air by the aspidochelone which had stood beside the piano; the earthenware pot burst on the pavement like a shell, earth and fragments shooting far across the road.

He released Miss Michaelides, and she began rather tremulously to dust herself with her handkerchief. "I shall 'ave a black eye in the morning," she said ruefully. "It's not often the boys at the 'Flags' is so rough; it's all the fault of that red-aided swine that's for the 'Antipas,' and 'e's a stranger. I 'ope the boys soak 'im," she added viciously, as the din inside redoubled. "Thank the Lord there's no dagoes in, or we should 'ave 'ad knives going."

The door flew open again, and Red Mahaffy staggered out, dragging the terrified

The Sea-green Grocer

By Jaspar Power

vocalist by one hand and his seabag in the other. As they emerged, the struggling victim squirmed out of his dinner-jacket and bolted up the street in his shirt-sleeves. Mahaffy stared stupidly at the garment left in his hand, then opened the mouth of his seabag and stowed it inside. For a second he seemed about to re-enter the tavern, then shouldered the bag and took the road to the docks.

"It was real nice of you to get me out like that," said the barmaid, "and I shan't forget it. Now you'd better 'ook it, for this street's going to be a bit un'healthy for the next 'alf-hour. Why, your 'air's pretty enough for a girl," she added, as Pybus lifted the little velour hat. "So long."

She lingered on the pavement, staring after him until he rounded a corner. Un-

sophisticated young men rich in plum-coloured plus-fours rarely visited the "Flags of All Nations." She wondered where the Pottleworth was lying.

The turning led Pybus into a deserted street, on the far side of which a lofty blank wall stretched away into the darkness. His footsteps re-echoed in the silence like the measured flapping of cellar doors; the neighbourhood seemed deserted as a city of the dead.

Across the road lean cats wove diagonally back and forth, their trotting shadows huge and distorted in the light of the hissing arc-lamps.

"Got a match, shipmate?" Pybus turned with a start, and felt no marked pleasure on recognising the pale face and squinting eye of Red Mahaffy. "Wot ship are you off?"

asked that gentleman sociably, dropping the grocer's matches into his own pocket as his dirty pipe began to draw. Pybus explained that he was not off any ship. He had only arrived in London that morning, he said.

"Ah," said Red Mahaffy, inquisitively, "and wot 'ave you come to London for, anyway?"

"I came to get a bit polished up, like." The admission escaped him almost involuntarily. He could have kicked himself when he realised what he had said.

"Oh, a bit of polish you're after," mused Mr. Mahaffy, looking carefully up and down the street, as though seeking any polish Pybus might have overlooked. "It was polish you said, mister?" he continued, rummaging vaguely in his breast pocket.

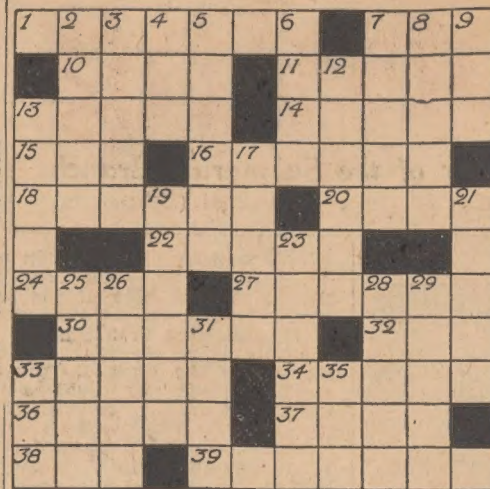
Pybus nodded uneasily, staring fascinated at the canvas seabag containing the vocalist's dinner-jacket.

"Ow's this for polish, then?" snarled Red Mahaffy suddenly, whipping out a home-made but adequate black-jack. It landed with a faint thud about an inch behind the grocer's ear, and Pybus crumpled quietly to the pavement like an overcoat slipping from a cloak-room peg.

Two seconds later Mahaffy had dragged the unconscious grocer into the shadow of the wall and plunged his hand into his inside pocket, grunting contentedly as his fingers felt the reassuring leather. Buttons pattered lightly on the pavement as he tore off the grocer's coat and waistcoat; with feverish haste he tugged at the shoelaces of the prostrate man. Shirt-tails fluttered as he struggled with the unfamiliar plus-fours.

Suddenly he caught the sound of approaching footsteps, and flattened himself against the wall. An ear-splitting shriek burst out, echoing far and wide over the slate roofs of Limehouse. The footsteps came to a halt. "That'll be the 'Antipas' blowing, Hairy," said a voice;

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Festive drinking.
- 7 Berry.
- 10 Stubborn.
- 11 Make amends.
- 13 Brown pigment.
- 14 Weight.
- 15 Bird.
- 16 Lay.
- 18 Contended.
- 20 Actual wording.
- 22 Civil order.
- 24 Acid.
- 27 Head.
- 30 Palms off.
- 32 Possessive pronoun.
- 33 Throw.
- 34 Rabbits' tails.
- 36 Occurred.
- 37 Facility.
- 38 The lady.
- 39 Spectator.

ACORN CRAMP
NAVE COOLIE
GREEN POINT
LARKED TAKE
EFT GATES R
E TUNED F
O POSER LIT
CHAP SCRIBE
CORPS HUMUS
UNSEAL BELT
REEDY ASSAY

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Own.
- 3 Moderate.
- 4 Girl's name.
- 5 Come.
- 6 Scandinavian.
- 7 Residence.
- 8 Attach.
- 9 United.
- 12 Sounded horn.
- 13 Disturbed.
- 17 Intended.
- 19 Science of sight.
- 21 Ranks.
- 23 Pet.
- 25 Blazing.
- 26 Revolving part.
- 28 Drench.
- 29 Stringed instruments.
- 31 Exhibit.
- 33 Cry of disgust.
- 35 Metal vessel.

"she'll be all singled up by now. Whalebelly will be hopping on the foc'sle head like a flea on a red-hot shovel."

"Then let him go on wid his hopping, and more power to him," retorted the other. "If Mister Whalebelly thinks I'm going to shake up three dozen of stout galloping after the likes of him, it's little he knows of Ignatius Dominic Butler."

The pair moved leisurely on. They stopped again when Red Mahaffy stepped out of the shadow and addressed them in authoritative tones.

"Ere a minute, me men," he said haughtily. "Wot vessel are you hoff, me men?"

Hairy Butler carefully lowered the carpet bag containing the precious stout and looked Mahaffy coolly up and down. "The 'Herod Antipas,'" he said, "and that's a queer small little hat ye're wearing, like a tomtit on a round of beef, so it is."

"Never you mind about my hat, me man. 'Ere's one of the sailors hoff your vessel. The silly fellow 'as been hovercome by strong spiritual liquors, and I was taking 'im back to 'is vessel myself."

"That'll be the new fella the old man signed this morning," said Mr. Butler indifferently, glancing at the limp figure of Reginald Pybus. "And who might you be yourself, carrying dhrunken flatfeet through the streets by night?"

"I'm the Superintendent of the Dock Gate Mission," replied the resourceful Mahaffy, "and it's me unpleasant jooty. Now, me man, you'd better 'urry up and take the poor man aboard 'is boat."

"Hould on till I consult wid me colleague the Professor," said the Irishman, turning to his companion, who had thus far shown no interest in the conversation.

"You might ask the superintendent what he's done with his stockings," suggested the Professor mildly, and returned to his book.

Mahaffy looked down guiltily at his naked calves. He had overlooked the stockings in his

haste, and his own socks did not bridge the hiatus between shoe and plum-coloured trouser.

"Someone must 'ave stole them," he stammered lamely. "I'll go for the police."

He had only time to take a couple of steps when a heavy hand gripped him by the shoulder. "We'll take care of that bag, superintendent," said the Professor quietly, "or someone might steal that as well." Mahaffy hastily dropped the bag and bolted.

When he considered himself beyond pursuit, he paused to look back. Pybus was being slowly supported toward the dock gates by Hairy Butler, the Professor walking beside him with the seabag, the books, and the three dozen stout. The big gates were closed for the night, but the pair lifted the unconscious grocer awkwardly through a small wicket door and vanished inside.

Mahaffy heaved a sigh of relief as they disappeared, and hurried to the foot of the nearest lamp. For some seconds he struggled impatiently with the inside pocket, in which the wallet seemed to have become stuck; there was an ominous sound of tearing lining as he finally wrenched it into the light. He noted with satisfaction its opulent proportions and the name stamped in flowing gilt letters on the brown suede cover. Red Mahaffy's thick fingers trembled with eagerness as he jerked it open.

It was a very elegant little volume of "Selections from Wordsworth." There was also a quotation:—

"The poets, who on earth have made us heirs Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

Many hours later a very dazed and unhappy Pybus opened his eyes, and found himself in the midst of an earthquake. Everything was swooping up and down and lurching violently to and fro to the accompaniment of rhythmic thudding and the muffled clanking of chains. The grocer was somewhat reassured by the sound of deep, unexcited voices near him and by the fact that the atmosphere was thick with tobacco smoke.

Having made this comforting discovery, Pybus closed his eyes and went to sleep.

He was again induced to take an interest in his surroundings by a loud voice saying, quite close to him, "The Queer Fella hasn't come to yet."

"He must have been as full as a fiddler's bitch when you found him, Hairy," another speaker chimed in.

"Back teeth awash," said Hairy Butler appreciatively. "Me and the Professor had to hould up his head so's he wouldn't spill any. Dhrunk as a bull elephant, full as a tick, rotten cross-eyed dhrunk."

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A biretta is a musical instrument, dance, lizard, hat, bull-fighter, insect?
2. Who wrote (a) A Wanderer in London, (b) The Wanderer?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29.
4. Who took a musical instrument into battle?
5. What is the boiling point on a Fahrenheit thermometer?
6. What colour is the note B sharp on a piano?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Quixotic, Querulous, Quant, Quadriped, Quarantine? Quagga.
8. What is a salmon called before it goes to the sea?
9. Who said, "All the world's a stage"?
10. Who were present at the Mad Hatter's Tea Party?
11. What well-known man was murdered in his bath?
12. Name three Shakespeare characters whose names begin with O.

Answers to Quiz in No. 313

1. Ditch.
2. (a) E. V. Lucas, (b) Arnold Bennett.
3. Oliver Twist is a fictitious character; others are real.
4. Robespierre.
5. Ali Baba.
6. Diogenes.
7. Knowledgeable, Kimono.
8. Piccadilly, 1894.
9. Blue.
10. At Fades, France; 434 feet high.
11. Sundays and Christmas Day.
12. Sir Humphrey Davy, Florence Nightingale, Aladdin.

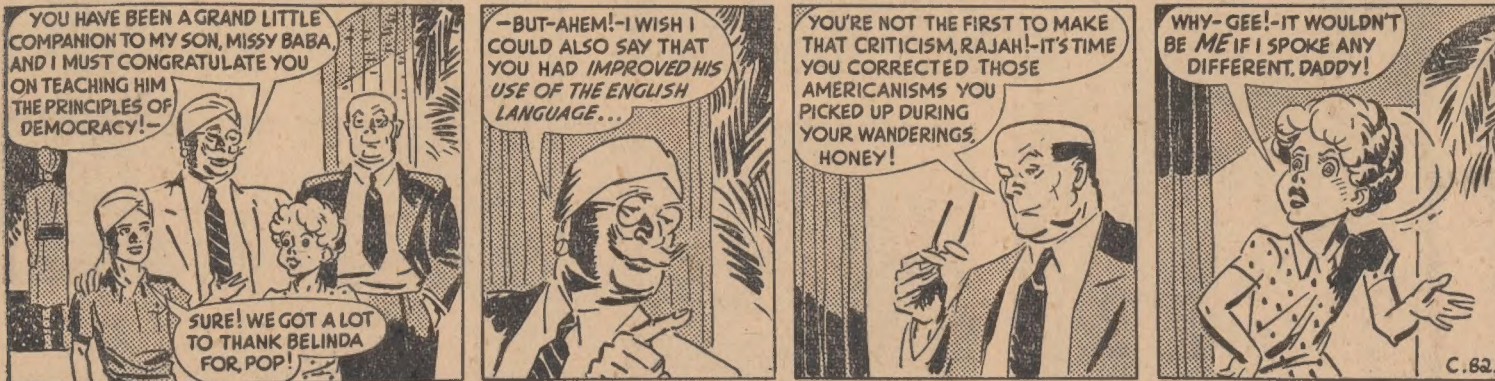
JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



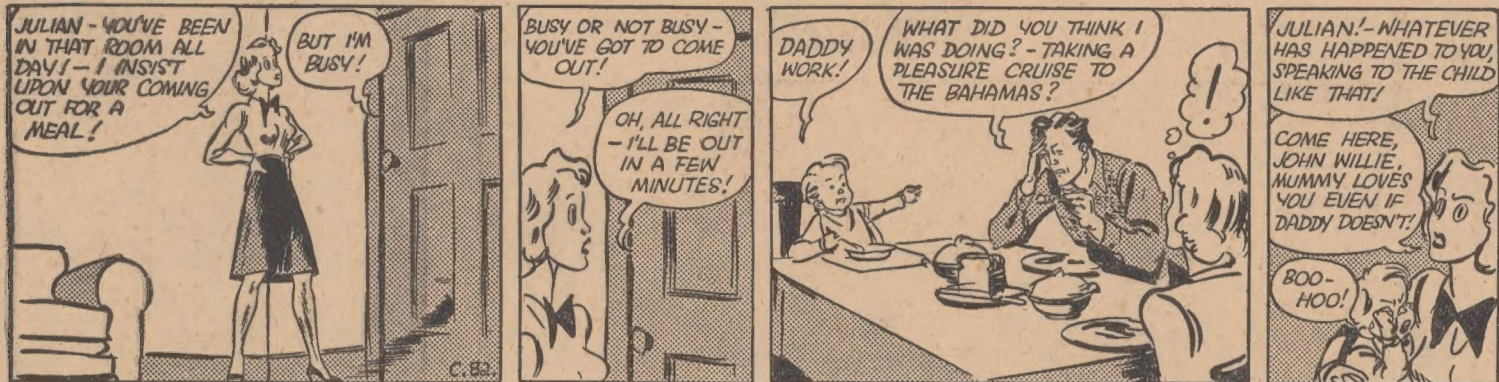
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

A BIG and far-reaching deal was clinched recently when Philco Radio and Television Corporation of Great Britain purchased the General Aircraft, Ltd., holding of 431,000 2s. deferred shares in Aero Engines, Ltd., and acquired control of the company.

For some time Philco Radio had been conducting extensive research in television in their American laboratories.

An official told me: "We have acquired an extensive factory in the deal. Manufacture of the necessary equipment will begin as soon as the war situation permits."



DOING Anglo-American relations a lot of no good is Charlie Chaplin. On account of a series of unsuccessful court actions brought against him, the people of Hanford, California, have opened a fund to pay Chaplin's fare back to England!



SELDOM have I heard such a literal case of taking a bull by the horns as the incident concerning a Northampton fireman.

The trouble started when Shipton Commander, a two-year-old dairy shorthorn bull belonging to Mr. J. T. Jones, of Great Houghton, took advantage of milking-time at Grange Farm and went for a stroll.

In an adjoining field he found himself challenged by another bull—a British Friesian. There was a battle.

The British Friesian sent Shipton Commander hurtling down a 20ft. well.

And that was where the N.F.S. came in.

Leading Fireman C. Bradshaw went down the well and secured the horns and shoulders of the bull with rope.

Shipton Commander, still very angry, was hauled out. He tried to rush his rescuers.

But that was the end of his adventure. A rope round his hind legs threw him in true Wild West style.



WHAT do you think of this little Bath bun? . . .

A boy of fourteen who hanged a cat was said to have told a man who scolded him:

"They hang people—I don't see why I shouldn't hang a cat."

It was stated that the boy had taken the cat to a park, tied it by the neck with string to a branch of a tree, and thrashed it with a stick till it fell to the ground.

Then he strung it up again and thrashed it to death.

The Southport (Lancs) magistrates remanded the boy for three weeks to decide what to do with him.



SOME new records I heard over the week-end included the Phoenix Theatre Orchestra playing a selection from Ivor Novello's "Arc de Triomphe" on H.M.V. Bing Crosby sings "Sunday, Monday or Always" on Brunswick, and Turner Layton, at his piano, sings "If I Had My Way" on Columbia.

Tauber sings "Without a Song" on Parlophone, and Hutch sings "It Can't Be Wrong" on H.M.V. In hotter vein, Phil Green and his Rhythm on Reeds Orchestra play "Mood Indigo" on Decca. For a one-man sketch, hear "The Munition Worker," by Robb Wilton, on Columbia.

I enjoyed Crosby going through the week and Green's "Mood Indigo" mostly, though all are enjoyable.



IN Kensington Gardens I noticed that Peter's lute had been wrenched downwards, though it is still held in the hand. The damage was probably caused by somebody who hoped to take the lute away.

There are replicas of the Peter Pan statue in Liverpool, America, Canada, Newfoundland, Belgium, and Australia.

Ron Richards

Good
Morning



Bonnie Scotland

Ploughing, by the shores
of Loch Achray, in the
Trossachs.



DOWN MEXICO WAY

As Columbia
star, Jinx Fal-
kenburg, would have us
believe.



"No use trying to bribe a
sailor, you know. Besides,
I'm only guarding this kit-bag
while daddy has 'one for
the road'."



DRIVEN FROM HOME



"Be patient child,
be patient ... one
hump is enough
to start with."
A Bactrian camel
with baby camel
at Whipsnade.



You can't catch an owl "napping" at night, but
this one is quite "lit-up" anyway, midst the
apple-blossom.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I must have
started the wrong
way, as
usual."

